

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 22, 1814.

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A VINDICATION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,

From Objections arising from the Misconduct of Professing Christians.

It is objected to Christianity, that many of those who profess to be regulated by its spirit and laws, instead of being better are much worse than other men; and that even some of its Ministers who have studied it most, and should know it best, are themselves addicted to the follies and vices of the world.

This objection, indeed, is seldom proposed in a formal way by the more honest and rational opponents of our religion, because they could hardly do so, and at the same time hope to preserve their reputation as philosophers. But the objection is, nevertheless, substantially entertained, and artfully urged in those sneering attacks which they delight to make on the character of misguided zealots, and in that ill dissembled eagerness and affected regret with which they proclaim the failings of the righteous. It is employed as a triumphant answer to all our arguments in favor of Christianity by the ignorant, the thoughtless, and the profligate, who are either incapable of reasoning, or unwilling to reflect deeply upon the subject, and who form a large proportion of the unbelieving class of mankind; and it will frequently obtrude itself on the notice and distress the feelings of well-intentioned Christians, when they see the unsanctified deportment of those who call themselves by the name of Jesus, and from whom they are naturally led to expect the brightest examples of virtue and piety. On these accounts it will be proper to consider the objection somewhat particularly, that we may be satisfied how much reason our adversaries

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have to be ashamed of it, and how very little reason we have to yield to its influence, or to be afraid of its effects on the issue of the great controversy in which we are engaged. At present, however, I shall confine myself to a preliminary point of considerable importance in such a question. I shall state some circumstances which tend to render the fact much less formidable than it is usually represented to be.

In the first place, allow me to propose to the candid reflection of the reader, whether the persons by whom the objection is stated do not seem in many cases to be influenced by a determination to censure with or without reason the conduct of the ministers and professors of Christianity. Whatever aspect we put on, and whatever conduct we maintain, they must discover or imagine something in our deportment which they must use as a handle of personal reproach, and which they may ultimately level against the principles that we hold. If we are grave, they accuse us of being morose and gloomy; if we are cheerful, then we are light and joyous spirits, having as little seriousness and as much wantonness as themselves; if we reprove them for the impiety with which they insult our ears, they traduce us as rude and officious zealots, strangers to the courtesy, and foes to the intercourse of life; if we find it expedient to overlook the profaneness or indecency of which they have been guilty in our presence, they instantly construe our silence into an approbation of their licentiousness, and set us down as willing associates in their iniquity; if we engage in the pursuits of industry with vigor, or assert with firmness any of our temporal rights, they say we are worldly-minded, and love gain rather than godliness; if we exhibit in these things any degree of mortification and self-denial, then it is all a pretence; we are driven by necessity, or guided by ostentation; and, to the baseness of an avaricious spirit, we have added the odious vice of hypocrisy. In this way, and in various other respects, they criticise and misinterpret our character; and every remark terminates, as might be expected, with a significant sneer at that religion, which, above all others, was designed to make men virtuous and happy.

That we are actually and in many instances treated in this manner by unbelievers, it would not be easy indeed to

prove by any adduction of particulars. I refer every individual, however, to his own observation and experience, with the conviction, that what I myself have often witnessed cannot have escaped the notice of others; and I shall only add, that the conduct of the persons of whom I have been speaking, is by no means unnatural, and by no means unprecedented. It is not unnatural, for it corresponds exactly with their ignorance of our peculiar views, and with that ungenerous wish to subvert our faith from which it evidently proceeds; and, it is not unprecedented, for it was long ago exemplified in the conduct of the Jews, who were pleased neither with the suitable austerity of the Baptist, nor with the condescension and familiarity of Jesus, and consequently entertained a prejudice against the Gospel, which proved fatal to themselves and to their country. “Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children setting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented: For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous and a winebibber—a friend of publicans and sinners.”

In the Second place, the *fact* which gives rise to the objection I am now considering, is not unfrequently *exaggerated*, by the fault of one being transferred to the whole. If any Christian, especially one who holds a sacred office, or is distinguished for religious zeal, shall yield to temptation, and act an unworthy part, the eye of our enemies is quick to discover, & their tongue eager to proclaim it: And were they to confine their censure to the real offender, allowing that censure to be as severe as he deserves, though we would not perhaps admire its charity, we might not dispute its justice. But it generally happens, that they regard the maxims neither of justice nor charity on such occasions. While they are merciless in the strictures which they direct against the individual, they want only to confound the innocent with the guilty; and, by a sweeping indictment, charge his fault upon the whole of his Christian brethren. Upon his personal delinquency, they found a libel against men who never perhaps heard of his name, and who, while they

would charitably lament, would yet scorn to patronize, his errors. "This is the way," they confidently assert—"this is the way in which Christians act; this is the way in which the Ministers of the Gospel conduct themselves; this is a specimen of the influence which that religion has upon its votaries." In these broad and universal terms, they make the fault of a single member characteristic of the whole community to which he belongs, as if the responsibility of every man were not, in fairness and in truth, exclusively limited to his own conduct; or, as if the Visible Church could authorise any one to be its moral representative to the world.

This, it must be allowed, is not a very accurate or candid mode of judging; but it is a mode of judging that is extremely prevalent with respect to the various professions of ordinary life, as well as the professions of Christianity: And though it never can be commended, since it is intrinsically wrong, yet it might be overlooked in the latter case as it often is in the former, were it not then carried to a most dangerous length, and employed as the means of disparaging the Gospel and ruining immortal souls.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Mr. Printer,

The annexed contrasted Characters, although not original, I think worthy a place in your Monitorial paper.

Your's,

January 10, 1814.

BERTHA.

As our stay in this world is uncertain, the greatest assiduity in performing the duties of life is highly requisite in beings who have no certainty of its duration: for, proportioned to the day is the business of the day, and "when the night (*death*) cometh, no man can work."

The reasons why so many of our youth delight in the amusements of mere vanity, and even in some of a more criminal kind, are many and various. The want of proper education—the force of habit—the influence of bad example—all conspire to fix their minds on mean and little pursuits. They either never had, or through inattention have

lost that true taste for pleasure, those acute perceptions, and delicate feelings, which sensible and virtuous minds experience in the right exercise of their natural and moral powers. Being thus destitute of the means of acquiring that "something unpossessed," and filling up that "aching void," which they feel within, they seek to derive happiness from a course of action calculated to destroy it.

As example is more striking than precept, let me take the moral pencil, and draw the portraits of two young persons, who, in the pursuit of pleasure, trod the opposite paths of virtue and vice.

Athambis had attained his eighteenth year—he was handsome, good-natured, sprightly, sensible, and possessed a fortune and constitution equal to most of his cotemporaries. Pleasure was the object of his search; he pursued her thro' the extensive mazes of vanity; he dressed gay, and doubted not but his person, vivacity, fortune, and accomplishments, would gain him free access to her temple: he sought her in the convivial circle, at the table of riot, and in the chamber of wantonness; but, alas! sought her in vain—a phantom, which assumed her name and form, frequently danced before his deluded imagination, and admitted him to her arms; but the enjoyment was languid, and always embittered, or succeeded by that remorse which the opiates of amusement cannot banish.

From the example of his gay companions, he was taught to laugh at every thing serious; to game till his fortune was embarrassed; to drink till his constitution was ruined, and his rational faculties lost in the cup of inebriation; to gratify every sensual appetite, and to pollute his conversation with profane oaths and obscenity. Thus he spent his days in intemperance, and his nights in lewdness, which he falsely estimated pleasure.

Those places of fashionable resort, where vice triumphs in the absence of reason, were witnesses of his folly and his losses. The tavern, the theatres, the card-tables, the billiard-rooms, and the bagnio, were his constant round of entertainments. To the bottle succeeded the play, where he generally furnished himself with a partner for the night; in whose guilty and lewd embraces all sense of honor and morality was suspended. At length, not contented with

these acquisitions, he meditates more detestable enterprizes: the charms of unsuspecting virgin innocence are the next objects of his vile wishes. In defiance of the most sacred laws, human and divine, the diabolical scheme is no sooner formed than executed; some unsuspecting maid becomes a prey to his treacherous artifice; he first ruins, then leaves her to the keen upbraidings of her own conscience, and the cruel reproaches of mankind, while he triumphs in the vile conquest, and “glories in his shame.” Thus, by following a course of wicked amusements, falsely called a life of pleasure, his fortune is dissipated; his reputation irretrievably lost; his constitution ruined by disease; and every manly, rational delight, banished from his guilty breast. In the moments of seriousness and reflection, the faithful mirror Conscience presents a picture, which, like the roll that Ezekial saw, is inscribed “within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe!” He sees his end approaching: terrors inconceivable cover him!—the gulph of eternity opens before him!—he looks, and starts aghast at the prospect!—the dreadful catalogue of his manifold transgressions adds to the horror of the scene! In this insupportable anguish of mind, life becomes intolerable; and his miserable existence is terminated by a death full of terror, under the alarming certainty of “a fearful looking for of judgment” in the world to come.

Lysander had also attained the age of eighteen, and having had a virtuous education, a solid foundation was thereby laid for his future improvement. He, as well as Athambis, was sprightly, handsome, sensible, and blessed with an excellent constitution. His fortune, although inferior to that which Athambis possessed, was sufficient to place him above dependence, and to gratify every reasonable desire. His passions were equally strong with those of other men, but they were strictly kept within the bounds and under the subjection of reason and religion. He was strongly susceptible of the charms of pleasure; but he sought it in the paths of virtue: his search was not fruitless—he enjoyed it in the highest refinement; and his whole conduct bore the signature of wisdom.

As he possessed a native benevolence of heart, which extended to all sensitive beings, he took no pleasure in diversions which gave them pain, or increased the unhappiness to which they are liable.

His amusements were chiefly of the innocent kind, and chosen rather to afford mental than sensitive pleasure.

The company and conversation of wise and good men afforded him much satisfaction; he made the sciences his study; explored the phœnomena of nature, and with a pleasing reverence, contemplated the wonders of creation and Providence.

With these, and other rational, instructive amusements, he entertained himself and his friends, in those hours which Athambis devoted to intemperance, folly, and madness.

Lysander spent his leisure hours in employments of this nature; and therein found that true satisfaction and happiness, which the votaries of false pleasure, the empty fops and libertines of the age, through ignorance may laugh at, but have never experienced.

His fortune was not dissipated with an ungenerous prodigality: he had therefore always a sufficiency to furnish him with whatever a reasonable being can want or wish for, and a constant fund was set apart for charitable uses.

His table was consecrated to freedom, friendship, and hospitality; but riot and luxury were always excluded: it was elegant, though not splendid. The pleading solicitations of suffering indigence never reached his ear in vain. The poor, the afflicted, the aged, partook of his bounty, and were rendered happy by it. The pleasure he felt in communicating, was equal to that enjoyed by those who received the gifts of his munificence.

As virtue was the polar-star to which his actions pointed, he endeavoured to restrain his desires and passions within the limits she prescribes. Love was no stranger to his breast: he felt its animating force, and entertained the highest idea of female excellence; but sought to possess it in that sacred connection, which, to virtuous minds, proves a source of the purest happiness. His honor, and regard to religion, prevented him from indulging in those polluted, feverish joys, wherein Athambis delighted. He was the guardian, as well as the admirer, of female innocence and beauty.

Under his protection, the fair were safe from the wiles of seduction, the attacks of libertines, and the snares of every vile betrayer. This endeared him to the virtuous among them, and secured him a permanent interest in their hearts. He looked around the beauteous circle for an agreeable partner in life, with whom he might share its joys, and divide its sorrows: such a one he soon found in the accomplished Amanda—a woman adorned with every excellent endowment, and whose personal charms were only exceeded by the sensibility and beauties of her mind. With her Lysander was united in those sacred and tender bands of union, which death only can dissolve, and therein attained the summit of earthly felicity. Their life was a series of the most exalted friendship, as well in seasons of unavoidable affliction and adversity, as in the sun-shine of health and prosperity. A rising family, the fruits of their happy union, grew up in a pleasing succession around them; and, being blessed with a virtuous education, followed the example of their parents, and proved an unfailing source of comfort to them in their old age.

Thus lived Lysander, a noble pattern of every virtue—beloved by his friends—respected by all who knew him—a blessing to the poor around him—and the friend of mankind.

In the moments of retrospection, he enjoyed the gratulations of an approving conscience, and the secret approbation of that Being who had preserved him through the vicissitudes of time to the prospect of a happy conclusion in his favor. When he looked forward towards the confines of another world, and anticipated the awful hour of his approaching exit, the prospect was fair and serene: no “clouds nor darkness” hung upon it to render it the object of his fear. His past life and his present sensations furnished a rational ground of hope, that, when removed from time, the glories of eternity would be his blessed inheritance forever.

Such was the character of Lysander: I have drawn it for your instruction and imitation, that you may “go and do likewise.” Revere it you must—and to copy after it, in proportion to your several abilities and situations in life, is at once your indisputable duty, and greatest interest.

THE LIFE OF TERTULLIAN.

QUINTUS Septimus Florens Tertullianus, was born at Carthage, the metropolis of Africa. His father was a Roman centurion, by whom he was educated in the Gentile religion, and furnished with all the learning that was to be had either in Greece or Rome, which, together with his extraordinary natural endowments, made him one of the most considerable persons who appeared in the first ages of the church.

He was converted to Christianity towards the end of the second century, under the reign of Severus; and a persecution breaking out a short time afterwards, he published an Apology in behalf of the Christian cause, in which he strongly remonstrated against the injustice and cruelty of the Pagan magistrates. This piece was in very great esteem with the ancients, and is said, by Jerome, to contain all the treasures of human learning. It is, without controversy, a most excellent performance, well worthy the perusal of every serious reader; it may be met with in the English tongue in Mr. Reeves's collection of primitive apologies.—We shall subjoin the few following lines by way of specimen: “If you, the guardians of the Roman empire, must not examine the Christian cause, and give it a fair hearing; if the Christian cause is the only cause which your lordships either fear or blush to be concerned for in public, be pleased to tolerate thus far, to let truth wait upon you in private, and to read the apology we are not suffered to speak. We enter not upon defences in the popular way, by begging your favor and moving your compassion; because we know the state of our religion too well to wonder at our usage.—The truth we profess, we know to be a stranger upon earth, and she expects not friends in a strange land. She came from Heaven, and there are all our hopes and preferments. One thing, indeed, this heavenly stranger warmly pleads for, that you would vouchsafe to understand her well before you condemn her. That you hate us ignorantly, I prove from hence, because all who hated us heretofore did it upon the same ground, being no longer able to continue our enemies, than they continued ignorant of our religion. Their

ignorance and their hatred fell together. Such are the men you now see Christians, overcome by the piety of our profession ; and the number of such professors are not less than they are given in ; for the common cry is, town and country are over-run with Christians ; and this universal revolt of all ages and sexes is lamented as a public loss ; and yet this amazing progress of Christianity is not enough to surprize men into a suspicion that there must needs be some secret good, some charming advantage at the bottom, thus to drain the world, and attract from every quarter. But nothing will dispose some men to juster thought. In this alone human curiosity seems to stagnate, and, with as much complacency, to stand still in ignorance, as it usually runs on in the discoveries of science."

Some time after the publication of the piece before-mentioned, Tertullian was ordained a bishop of Carthage, the duties of which station he discharged for some time, with great reputation. But a new sect springing up, called Montanists, who pretended to great severity of manners and discipline, he was, unhappily, prevailed upon to join with them in some particulars, which caused him to be excommunicated by the governors of the church ; and whether he was ever restored again cannot be determined with any certainty : all that is known farther concerning him is, that he lived to a great age.

Such is the account which history affords concerning the famous Tertullian ; a man of such eminence, on account of his parts and learning, that he is said to have had no superior in the age in which he lived, and but few equals. Vincentius Lirinensis calls him, the prince of all the writers of the Western communion ; and declares that what Origen was in the Greek church, that was Tertullian in the Latin ; without dispute, says he, the most considerable writer of his age. He adds—" Who more learned ? Who more expert, either in divine or human literature ? for, all the philosophy of the several sects, all their several institutions, with all the variety of history and law, he comprised in the amazing capacity of his mind. He was so excellent at satire, and of that solid judgment, that he hardly laid siege to any thing but he soon made it yield, either by the penetration of his wit or the force of his reason. His dis-

courses are so thick set with powerful reasons, that whom he cannot persuade by his eloquence, he compels by argument. The Marceonites, Appellites, Praxeans, Hermogean, Jews, Gentiles, Gnostics, &c. have all felt the weight of his reason; for he has battered down their heresies with his mighty volumes, as with so much thunder."

RESIGNATION.

"Father, thy will be done," were the words of him whose lips knew no guile, and into whose heart sin never found an entrance. The language is familiar to every one; but, alas! of the many who adopt the sentiment, few live under its influence; fewer still evidence its power in their practice. Father, thy will be done, is the effusion of prayer; the humble Christian's ejaculation; the ardent aspiration of a soul, animated with the sweet enthusiasm of divine love. O! how often has the sentiment warmed my heart, and flowed from my lips! But let me examine myself—let me take an impartial, accurate survey of the real principles by which I am actuated; and enquire whether I am indeed under the influence of the true christian temper. Am I persuaded, in my own mind, that I am under the compassionate eye, and the extensive protection of an all-wise Providence? Do I humbly acquiesce with God's allotments? Am I content with my present condition? Do I diligently apply the means put into my hands to their intended use? Do I trust for the events, whether they shall be successful or no, to the Supreme Disposer and Director of all things? Do I believe, and confess, that all God's dispensations, universal or particular, are good, and fit to answer some important ends? That the present order of nature is right, and as it should be? And, amidst all the ferments and vicissitudes of life, have I been constant in prayer for divine strength and support? Have I depended on the arm of Omnipotence for deliverance in time of trouble? Have I lived in a firm assurance, that he, who seeth not as man seeth, can make every thing, however apparently evil, work together for good to them, who, with a calm submission of soul, love and trust him?

O! my soul, what sayest thou to these questions? If thy conscience accuseth thee not; if thou art indeed under

the government of this amiable, this Christ-like disposition, much to be desired is thy peaceful state—happy will thy life be, and delightfully serene thy death!

I have known some feeble-minded fellow-travellers oppressed with the slightest inconveniences. I have seen the race of Jonah peevishly angry because deprived of their shadows. There are others so unreasonable as to imagine, that an exemption from great sins, is a good plea for an exemption from extraordinary pains; or that because they serve God, their mountain will stand strong, and their gourds never be blasted. Unthinking mortals! Happy they—the happiest of probationers, who have known the storms of affliction, and are carried by the waves of tribulation into the kingdom of heaven! The most exemplary pilgrims have, by suffering, glorified God; and to bear the cross, is the lot of most christians. Abraham, Jacob, Joseph and David had their appointed trials. Abraham was bid to sojourn in a strange land, and had the severe command given him to sacrifice his only son. Jacob was persecuted by his brother, and when advanced in years, lost the comfort of his old age, his best-beloved child. Joseph was cruelly used by his relatives, and a rash master. David experienced fears from conspiracies, and the severe reproaches of evil tongues. From these and many other examples of the like kind, may I learn to expect the enemy, and to prepare for the conflict; or if entered the list, by divine faith, and with a manly fortitude, to fight the good fight!

I will pray unto the Lord, says the self-deceiving Philander; to the Most High will I present my supplications.—Prosper, O God, my present undertakings! Preserve me from the anguish of poverty, and the contempt of a low station! Raise me to honor, and fill my hand with riches! Alas! my prayer returns to my own bosom! The Lord will not hear—he will not answer me! Even the mercies I have requested, I see bestowed upon others, less deserving than myself! Why, Philander, these earth-born petitions?—Why these unprofitable conjectures? Come reason! Come religion! And thou, O pure Spirit! correct his wandering imagination. Are you, Philander, a proper judge of your own merit? The seeming blessings you have so earnestly

desired, might they not prove injurious to you? Might they not make you proud, covetous, ungrateful, or intemperate? It is no uncommon thing to see an alteration in circumstances produce a proportionable alteration in sentiments and manners—Are you certain this might not be your case? You have asked for riches: are you ready to sacrifice to the terms upon which they are to be obtained? O inconsiderate, foolish pride! Why did you not rather supplicate for a good heart, and the favor of God? These, these, Philander, will certainly be everlasting advantages to you. *(To be concluded in our next.)*

The small Manual of the Evidences of Christianity, which we have commenced in this Number, is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. JOHN CLARKE, of Boston. From its conciseness, it is happily adapted to fix upon the mind the leading arguments in favor of the Christian Faith; and, as the London Reviewers observe, will prove an excellent compass for young persons to steer clear of the Rocks of Infidelity.

An Answer to the Question—Why are you a Christian?

INTRODUCTION.

Not because I was born in a Christian country, and educated in Christian principles; not because I find the illustrious *Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Clarke* and *Newton*, among the professors and defenders of Christianity; nor merely because the system itself is so admirably calculated to mend and exalt human nature: But because the evidence accompanying the gospel, has convinced me of its truth. The secondary causes assigned by unbelievers, do not in my judgment account for the rise, progress, and early triumphs of the Christian religion. Upon the principles of scepticism, I perceive an effect without a cause. To my own reason, I therefore stand acquitted, though I continue to believe and profess the religion of Jesus Christ. Arguing from effects to causes, I think I have philosophy on my side; and reduced to a choice of difficulties, I encounter not so many in admitting the miracles ascribed to the Saviour, as in the arbitrary suppositions and conjectures of his enemies.

That there once existed such a person as Jesus Christ; that he appeared in Judea in the reign of Tiberius; that he

taught a system of morals, superior to any inculcated in the Jewish schools; that he was crucified at Jerusalem; and that Pontius Pilate was the Roman governor, by whose sentence he was condemned and executed, are facts which no one can reasonably call in question. The most inveterate deists admit them without difficulty. And, indeed, to dispute these facts, would be giving the lie to all history. As well might we deny the existence of Cicero, as that of a person by the name of Jesus Christ; and with equal propriety might we call in question the orations of the former, as the discourses of the latter. We are morally certain, that the one entertained the Romans with his eloquence; and that the other enlightened the Jews with his wisdom. But it is unnecessary to labor these points, because they are generally conceded. They who affect to despise the Evangelists and Apostles, profess to reverence Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny. And these eminent Romans bear testimony to several particulars, which relate to the person of Jesus Christ, his influence as the founder of a sect, and his crucifixion. From a deference to human authority, all therefore acknowledge, that the Christian religion derived its name from Jesus Christ. And many are so just to his merits as to admit, that he taught better than Confucius; and practised better than Socrates or Plato.

But, I confess, my creed embraces many more articles. I believe, that Jesus Christ was not merely a teacher of virtue, but that he had a special commission to teach. I believe, that his doctrines are not the work of human reason—but divine communications to mankind. I believe, that he was authorized by God to proclaim forgiveness to the penitent; and to reveal a state of immortal glory and blessedness to those who fear God, and work righteousness. I believe, in short, the whole evangelic history; and by consequence, the divine original of Christianity, and the sacred authority of the gospel. Others may reject these things as the fictions of human art or policy: But I assent to them from a full conviction of their truth. The grounds of this conviction I shall assign in the course of this work; and I shall undertake to show, why the objections of infidelity, though they have often shocked my feelings, have never yet shaken my faith.

To come then to the question—*Why are you a Christian?*
 I answer, because the Christian religion carries with it internal marks of its truth ; because not only without the aid, but in opposition to the civil authority, in opposition to the wit, the argument, and violence of its enemies, it made its way, and gained an establishment in the world ; because it exhibits the accomplishment of some prophecies, and presents others which have since been fulfilled ; and because its author displayed an example, and performed works which bespeak, not merely a superior, but a divine character. Upon these several facts, I ground my belief as a Christian ; and, till the evidence on which they rest can be invalidated by counter evidence, I must retain my principles and my profession.

(To be Continued.)

Poetry.

ELEGIAC LINES,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. DR. KEITH,

Late Pastor of the Congregational Church in this City, who departed this life on the 14th day of December, A. D. 1813, in the 58th year of his age.

"Large was his bounty—and his soul sincere." GRAY.

DEEP on the bosom of the morning's swell,
 In solemn cadence floats the passing bell,
 As if an angel's tongue had given it breath,
 It registers in Heaven the Christian's death!

At every pause, the tears of sorrow start,
 And every stroke beats heavy on the heart :
 Remembrance weeps as round the silent dead,
 The mourners walk with slow and solemn tread.

Departed Leader of that Christian Band,
 Upheld and foster'd by thy Pastor hand,
 Whose lips, as touched by hallow'd coals of fire,
 Could warm the spirit, and the soul inspire.

What Poet's verse can sketch thy lordly mind,
Where God's own image sat in love enshrined;
Where pure Religion, like unspotted flame,
Gave life and virtue to its guiltless frame?

Rich in persuasive eloquence of soul,
The passions felt and owned thy sweet control;
Immortal blessings warbled from thy tongue,
And holy comforts on its accents hung!

Rais'd by thy hand, the bursting heart of Grief,
Look'd up to Heav'n, and found in Heav'n, relief—
Affliction silent kissed the chastening rod,
Resigned its sorrows, and still blest its God.

E'en now, methinks, I hear the well known voice,
That bids the Mourner in her tears rejoice:
I see thee kneel—JEHOVAH dries each tear,
Bends from his throne and grants the good man's prayer.

Warm'd by thy zeal the stubborn heart would melt,
And scoffers weep o'er what their Saviour felt;
The sinner paus'd, and chose the better path,
That shunn'd the vengeance of Almighty wrath!

By thee the poor and destitute were blest!
The heart by woe and wretchedness oppress'd,
Found in thy prayers and sympathy, relief—
The oil of gladness for the tears of grief!

Thou man of God, to whom none ever came,
An unbeliever in Immanuel's Name,
That did not, ere he went, a Christian prove,
A humble suppliant for Immanuel's Love.

What tho' Almighty Pow'r the mandate gave,
That lock'd thy MORTAL form within the grave
The dark seclusion of the midnight tomb,
Holds not thy Spirit in its silent womb!

Far up yon pathway so supremely bright,
Studded with stars and paved with worlds of light,
It sought the foot-stool of its Father's throne,
Its constant dwelling, and its Heav'nly home!

There, close beside the Almighty's judgment seat,
Array'd in splendor at the Savior's feet,
It wakes the song that Angel's love to raise,
The pealing anthem of eternal praise!

ORLANDO.

Charleston, December 17th, 1813.